

HYMN

XXII, Of her

Wisdom.

E AGLE-eyed Wisdom ! Life's
loadstar!
L ooking near, on things afar!
I OVE'S best beloved daughter!
S hews to her spirit all that are !
A s JOVE himself hath taught hen
B y this straight rule, She rectifies
E ach thought, that in her heart
doth rise;
T his is her clear true Mirror !
H er Looking Glass, wherein She
spies
A ll forms of Truth and Error.
R ight Princely virtue, fit to reign!
E nthronised in her spirit remain*
G uiding our fortunes ever !
I f we this Star once cease to
see;
N o doubt our State will
shipwrecked be,
A nd torn and sunk for ever.

HYMN X X I I I .

Of her Justice.

E XILED ASTRJEA is come again ! L o
here She doth all things maintain I
n number, weight, and measure ! S
he rules us, with delightful pain, A
nd we obey with pleasure !
B y Love, She rules more than by
Law I E ven her great Mercy
breedeth awe; T his is her sword
and sceptre! H erewith She hearts
did ever draw, A nd this guard ever
kept her.
R eward doth sit in her right hand !
E ach Virtue, thence takes her
garland, G athered in Honour's
garden ! I n her left hand
(wherein should be N ought but the
sword) sits Clemency 1 A nd
conquers Vice with pardon.